

all new

The FLINTSTONES' NEIGHBORS



NO. 17
DEC 00006
75/CDC

Barny & Betty

RUBBLE

1 Hanna-Barbera
Production



00006



HINES

Barney & Betty RUBBLE

IN EYE TOOTH WITNESS

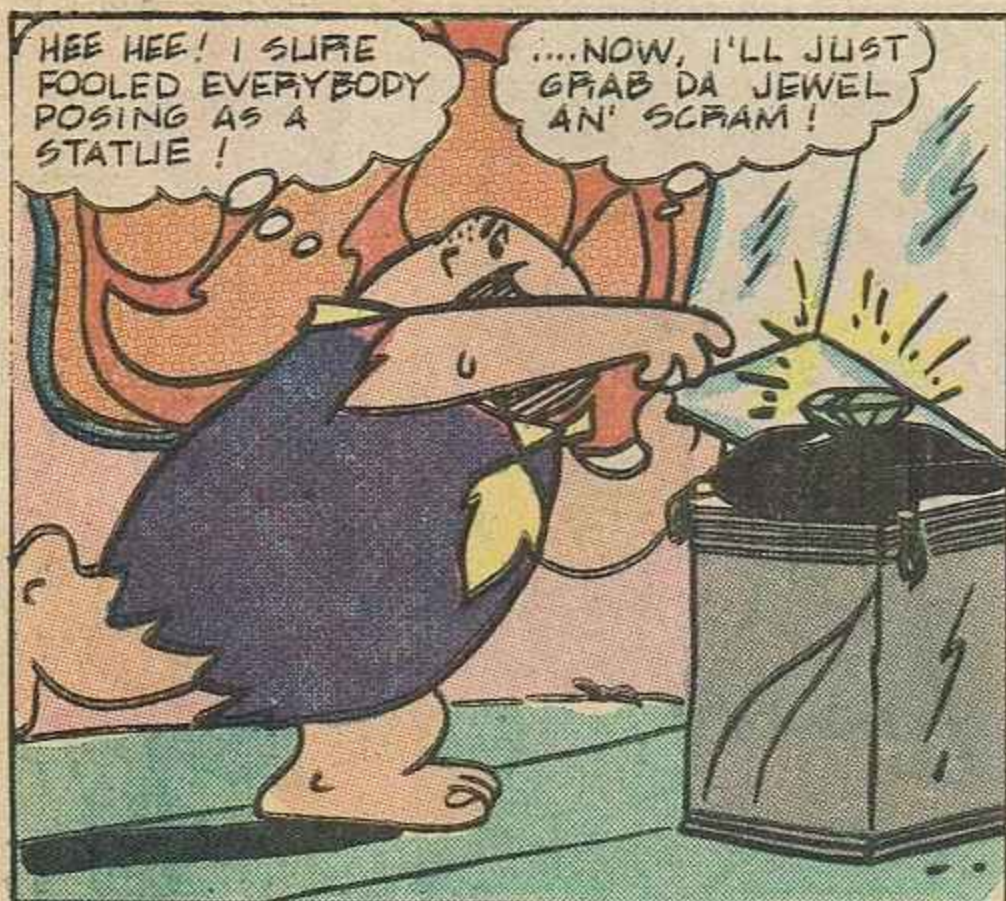


BARNEY AND BETTY RUBBLE Vol. 3, No. 17, December, 1975.
Published bimonthly by CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC. at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. John Santangelo Jr., Publisher.
George R. Wildman, Managing Editor. 25¢ per copy. Subscription \$1.50 annually. Printed in U.S.A. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in
this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold
subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine
to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price. National Advertising Representatives: Dilo, 114 E 32nd St.,
New York, N.Y. 10016 (212-686-9050). © 1975 HANNA-BARBERA PRODUCTIONS, INC. International copyright secured. All rights reserved.



WHOMP!





HEE HEE! I SURE
FOOLED EVERYBODY
POSING AS A
STATUE!

...NOW, I'LL JUST
GRAB DA JEWEL
AN' SCRAM!



BOY! DAT SANDWICH
SURE LOOKS TASTY!

AN' ALL DAT
ACTIN' AS A
STATUE SURE
MADE ME
HUNGRY!



I'LL JUST
TAKE ONE
TEENSY
BITE.

WHA!

HEY! SOME
BODY
SWIPED THE
WISH EMERALD!



I'M GETTIN'
OUTTA HERE!

LOCK THE
GATE! DON'T
LET ANYONE
OUT!



DID YOU RECOVER
THE EMERALD?

NO, BUT WE DISCOVERED
THIS SUSPECT SLEEPING
IN THE EXHIBIT HALL!



JUST A MINUTE,
SIR! I'M HERE
TO CONDUCT THIS
INVESTIGATION.

IT'S....
LIEUTENANT
ELBLIMO!

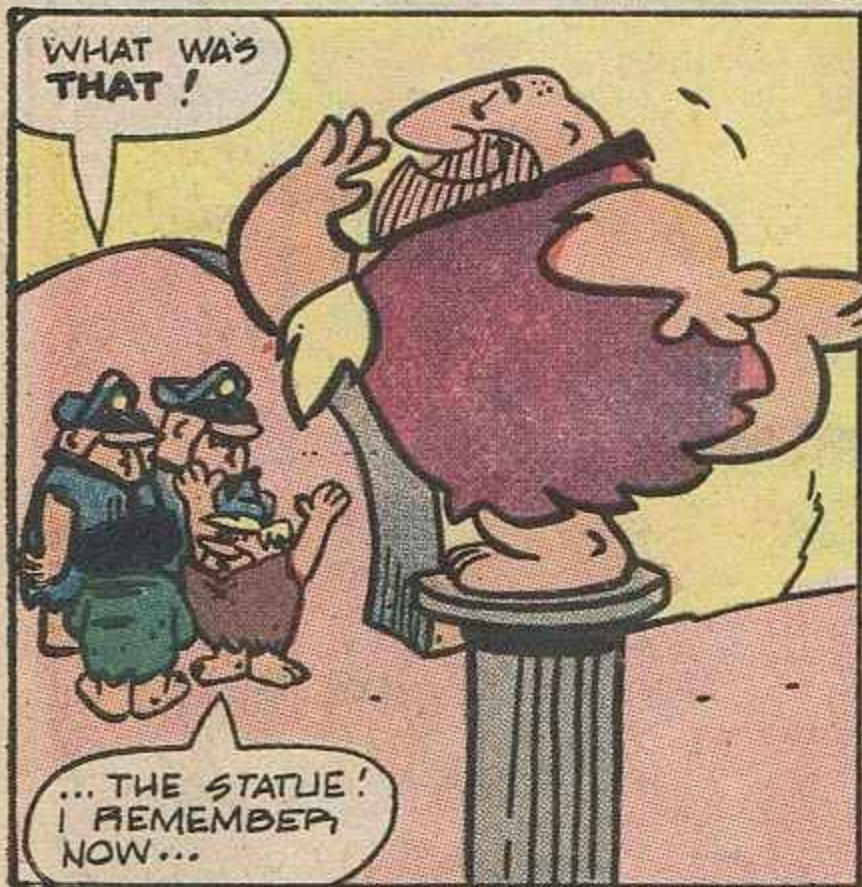


WHO IS THIS
FLAKEY-LOOKIN'
CHARACTER?

HE'S THE GUILTY ONE
LOOTENENT! LOOK
AT THOSE
BEADY EYES!

I'M... I'M
INNOCENT,
YOU GUYS!

**B
U
R
P!**



WHAT WAS
THAT!

... THE STATUE!
I REMEMBER
NOW...



THE STATUE DID
IT!... IT STOLE
THE EMERALD
... AND MY
SANDWICH!

... HE'S
REALLY
FLIPPED
!

TAKE HIM
AWAY, BOYS!



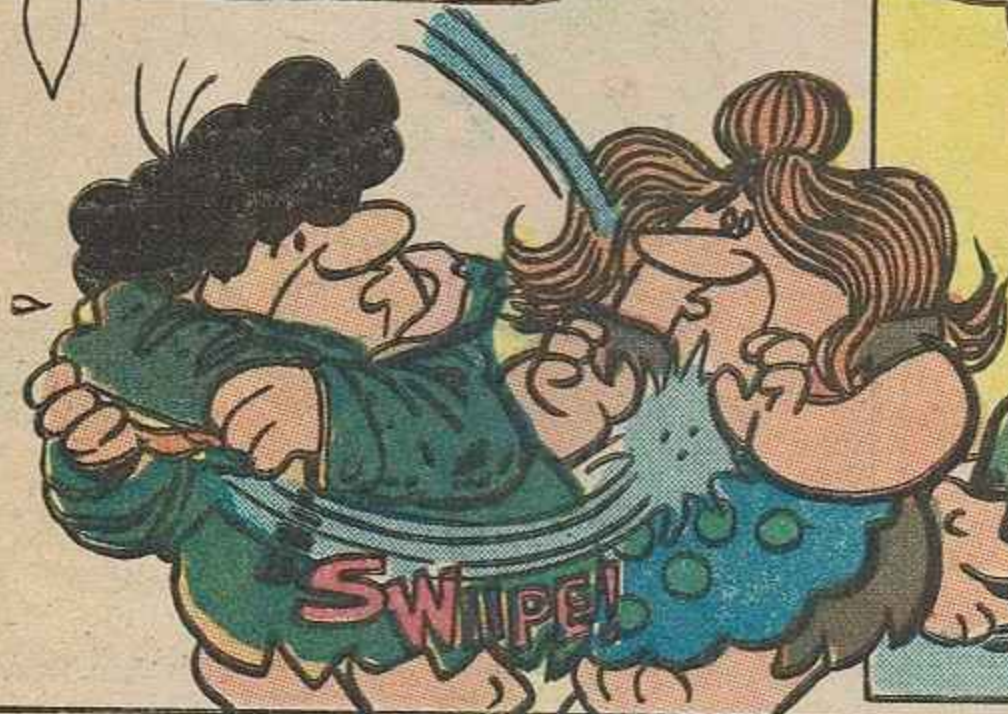
I'LL JUST PUT YOU
IN THE CLOSET, SHORTY
TILL THE LOO-
TENENT FINISHES
TH' INVESTIGATION!



OH, BOY! I'M REALLY
IN TROUBLE NOW....
I GOTTA GET OUT OF
HERE AND PROVE I'M
INNOCENT!



THAT'S IT! TOOTHPRINTS!
WHOEVER STOLE THE GEM
ALSO BIT THE SANDWICH
AND LEFT HIS TOOTHPRINTS!



NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO
IS MATCH THE TOOTHPRINTS
AN' WE GOT THE CROOK!...
GIVE ME A BIG SMILE, ZSA ZSA!



WE'LL CHECK EVERY-
BODY... SAY AHHA, FATSO!

LT.
ELBUMPO!



...IF YOU WANNA
CATCH THE CROOK...
CHECK THE STATUE!

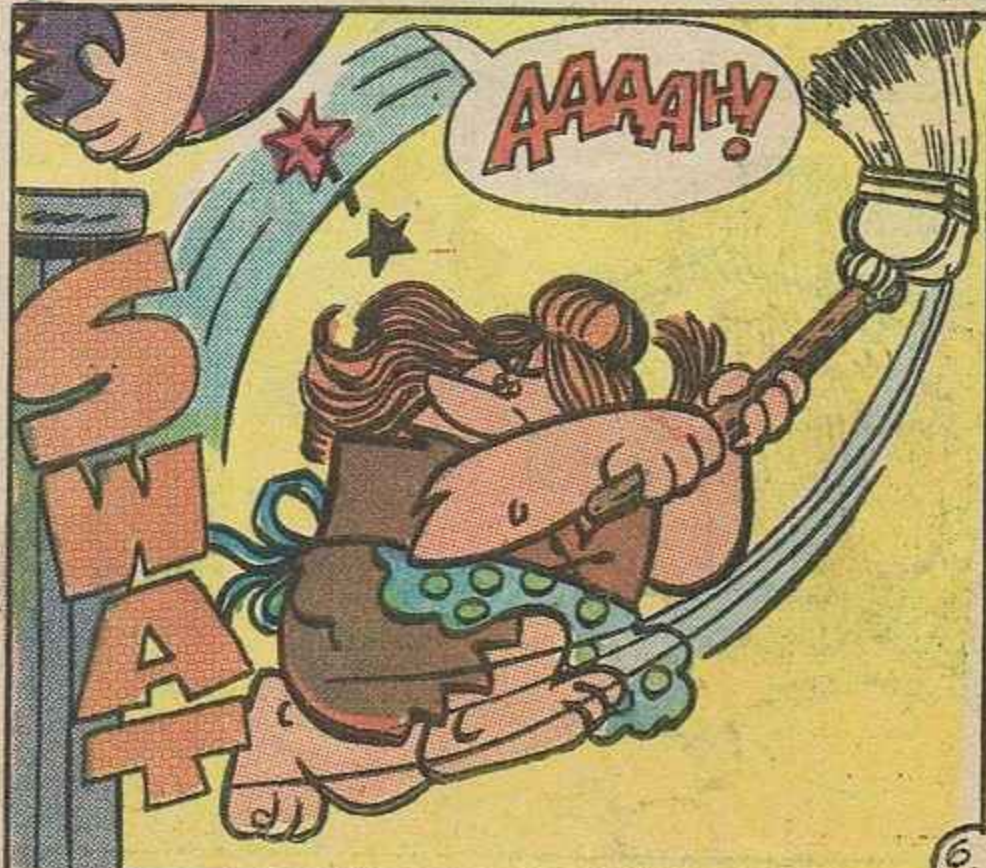
OKAY,
GOLDILOCKS
!!



HEY, HOW DO
YOU GET A
STATUE TO
SAY AHHA?



AAAAH!



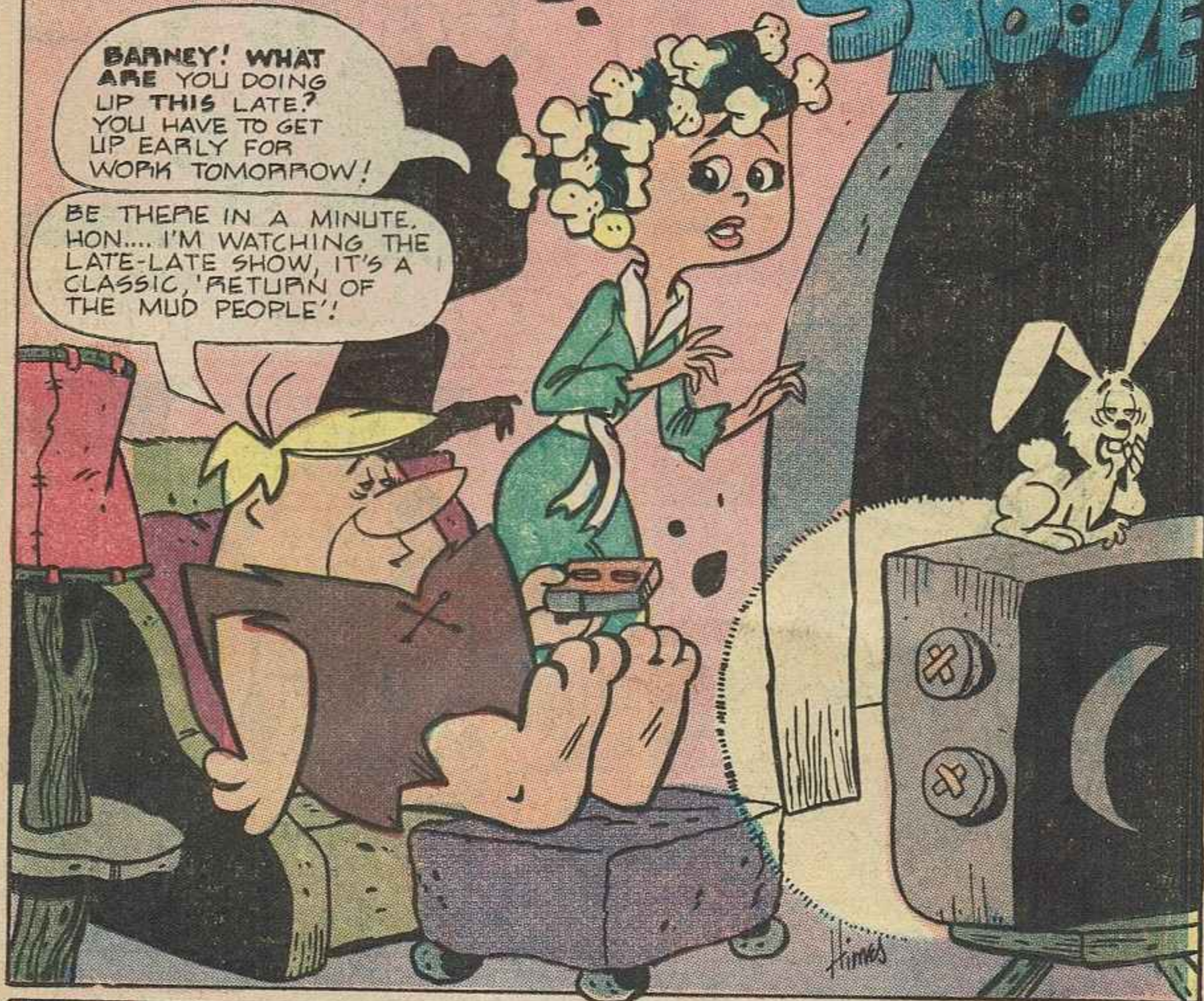


Barney & Betty ^{IN} OVERTIME SNOOZE

RUBBLE

BARNEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP THIS LATE? YOU HAVE TO GET UP EARLY FOR WORK TOMORROW!

BE THERE IN A MINUTE, HON.... I'M WATCHING THE LATE-LATE SHOW, IT'S A CLASSIC, 'RETURN OF THE MUD PEOPLE'!



... AND SO, THE MUD PEOPLE DISAPPEAR INTO THE MUD-PUDDLE!... BUT WILL THEY RETURN?... TUNE IN TO-MORROW WHEN THE LATE-LATE SHOW WILL PRESENT... 'RETURN OF THE MUD PEOPLE PART II'

CLICK

NEXT DAY...

BOY! I STAYED UP LAST NIGHT AND WATCHED THE WHOLE LATE-LATE MOVIE!

ME TOO! I SURE HOPE I CAN STAY AWAKE TODAY!



NEXT MORNING....

I DON'T SEE HOW YOU, CAN WORK.... YOU'RE HALF ASLEEP.

ZZNZPF
I'LL...BE...
ALLRIGHT...
ZZZZN



...UMMF! THE WHOLE CREW LOOKS LIKE SLEEPWALKERS... I DON'T KNOW HOW TO KEEP THEM AWAKE!

MEANWHILE..

BARNEY STAYS UP REAL LATE WATCHING THOSE OLD MOVIES, I DON'T KNOW HOW HE CAN GET HIS JOB DONE.

I KNOW, BETTY, I'M ALSO WORRIED ABOUT FRED!



LATER....

HEY, BETTY!... GREAT NEWS!... THE BOSS JUST GAVE ME A RAISE!

WHA.... YOU MEAN YOU DIDN'T FALL ASLEEP?



YEAH.... THAT'S WHY I GOT MY RAISE!

I DON'T GET IT! YOU FALL ASLEEP... AND THE BOSS GAVE YOU A RAISE?



YEAH!... YOU SEE MY SNOING WAS SO LOUD, IT KEPT EVERYBODY ELSE AWAKE!



Barney & Betty in WET PAINT

RUBBLE





BARNEY & BEETLE RUBBLE IN THE YARN

I'M SURE GLAD I TOOK
UP KNITTING.... I'LL
BE ABLE TO MAKE SO
MANY NICE THINGS
FOR THE WHOLE
FAMILY!

HAMP
!



hull

...AND I HAVE
PLENTY OF
MATERIAL!

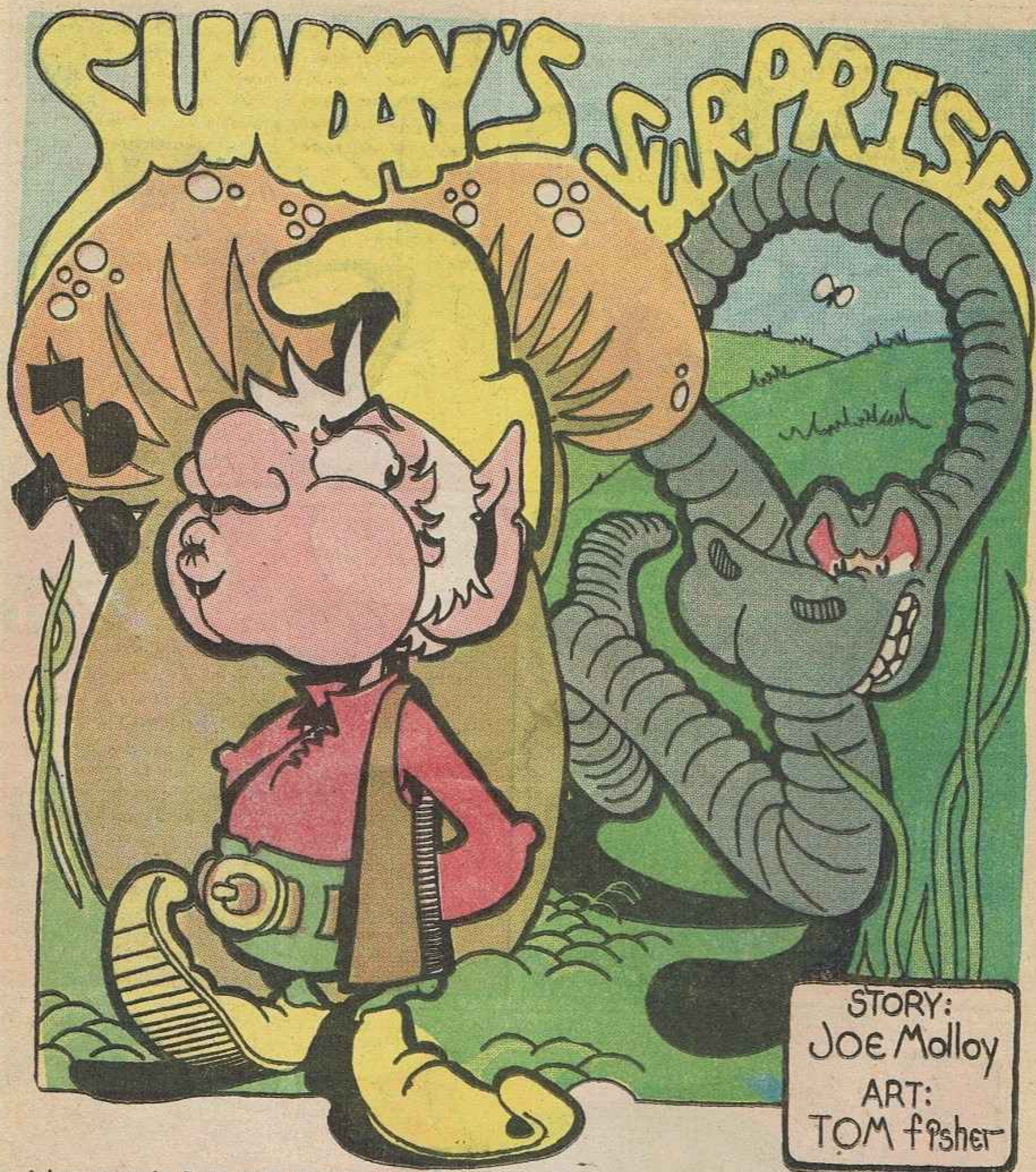
'DIS IS SO
HOOMILIATIN'
!!

BEATS
WORKIN'!

AHH! THIS WILL
BE MY MASTER-
PIECE....

...A TURTLE-
NECK SWEATER
FOR BARNEY!





STORY:
JOE Molloy
ART:
TOM Fisher

Lok was a stocky, little elf standing four inches high on tiptoes. But today he was extended to his full stature, enjoying a gentle gust of wind coming through the hedge from the north. As the gust passed over a human-owned sprinkler, it caught a few droplets of moisture and carried them to Lok. The feel of this spray against his face was worth the effort of rising early on this summer, Sunday morning.

Lok doffed his elfin cap and thought, "The sky god is certainly charitable today. The past, three Sundays have seen nothing but rain," as the wind tossed his silver locks. "There is not a cloud in the sky." But Lok did not notice the dark mass on the horizon following the wind's journey out of the north.

Lok laid down upon grass still moist with morning's

dew, and rested his head against a cushion-soft puffball. "Perhaps I can catch a little sleep in the sun," pondered Lok, hoping to add some color to his pale features. But this was not to be. A slight increase in the wind's velocity gave Lok his first cause for concern. The second came when a shadow crossed the line between Lok and the sun.

"Huh," mumbled Lok as he rose to a sitting position. "What's that cloud doing up there?"

His only response came in the form of an icy droplet that settled on Lok's nose, and hung there a second before rolling off onto his leather jerkin.

Lok roused tired muscles and began to run for his shelter. But it was as if the storm could see him. A tremendous deluge hit him in mid-stride. The impact

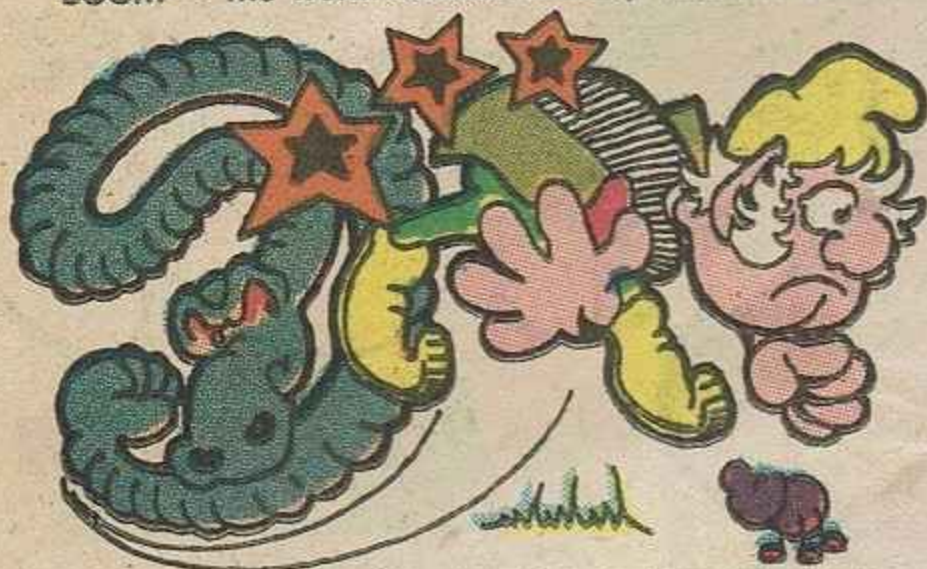
knocked him to his knees and pulled his cap over his eyes. Only his nose prevented the headgear from enclosing his entire face. Lok tugged at the cap and finally managed to pull it off his head, while muttering a few choice words about the traitorous sky god. The storm was now raging in full force.

When Lok returned to his feet, he was dismayed to see Goober the Worm blocking his path. He had quite evidently fled his flooded burrow to bask in the freedom of the open storm, but now he presented a serious problem to the surprised elf. When he was younger, Lok had played a good many tricks on the slow-moving worm. And a worm never forgets. Under ordinary circumstances Lok would have no problem outdistancing the clumsy worm, but he was rather doubtful about his footing in the mud. This was the worm's element, and Lok was at his mercy.

"Well, well, well, if it isn't my old friend Lok," drawled the legless, old creature. "I owe you a few favors I'd like to repay."

"Oh, don't bother," responded Lok, preparing to be battered by the vengeful worm.

BOOM — the worm collided heavily with Lok. But



the bump seemed to clear the elf's mind. "Look behind you, Goober," he warned. "It's the fisherman."

The two scurried in opposite directions, and it was some time before the worm realized he had been tricked. "Grumble, grumble, grumble," he grumbled.

"How do I always get caught in storms like this?" wondered Lok, now safe from the worm, but still under nasty skies. And he was not the only one in danger.

Through the sheet-like rain he could see his aphids



struggling against the storm. He gasped as he saw some of them stumble into a mud pit, newly created by the raging rain. He knew that the mud would smear their wings and clutch at their legs, making it impossible for them to free themselves. A concern, sprung from two wells, greed and love, flowed into his breast. He depended upon these creatures for his livelihood, but he loved them as well. It was, accordingly, no surprise that he would risk his own safety for them.

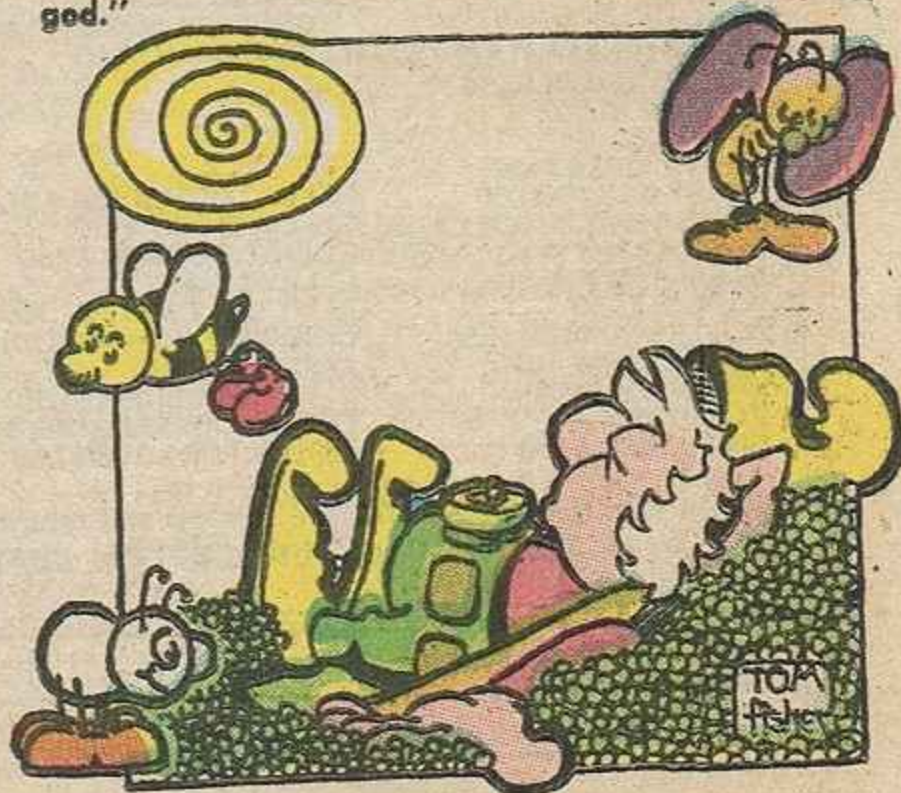
He unfurled his rope of stolen spider-webbing and fashioned a lasso which he wielded with practiced ac-



curacy. Although he was soaked to the skin and his wet clothing weighed upon him, he nevertheless managed to pull all his aphids to safety until only one remained. But this last was too far for his toss. As a result, his lasso kept missing the mark, and the insect kept sinking lower and lower into the ooze.

There was only one hope. Lok climbed to an overhanging branch. The distance was now shorter, and his cast proved accurate. Within minutes, he had the final aphid safely on a patch of solid ground. It was then that he noticed the rain had stopped and the sky was beginning to clear.

Then a ray of sunlight fought through the dissipating clouds and touched his face. He squinted at first, and then smiled, hoping he could still salvage some leisure from this hectic Sunday. Lok collapsed on the soaked moss and muttered, "Never trust a sky god."







THERE IT IS, BARN'...
THE BIG APPLE!

LOOK AT THE
TALL BUILDINGS...

LOOK AT THE
BRIGHT LIGHTS!

BOY! I'M GETTIN'
EXCITED!

I'M GETTIN'
AIR SICK!



HERE YOU ARE,
MY GOOD MAN!

I GET ALL THE
HEAVY TIPPERS!

DON'T I GET
A TIP FROM
YOUR LITTLE
GREEN PAL?

YEAH, STAY OUT
OF AIRPLANES!



COME ON, BARNEY,
I DON'T WANNA MISS
ANY OF THE FUN!!

I'LL JUST
LIE DOWN A
WHILE!



YABBA-DABBA-
DOO! WHAT A
VIEW!

THIS IS CLASS!
A ROOM WITH
A BALCONY!

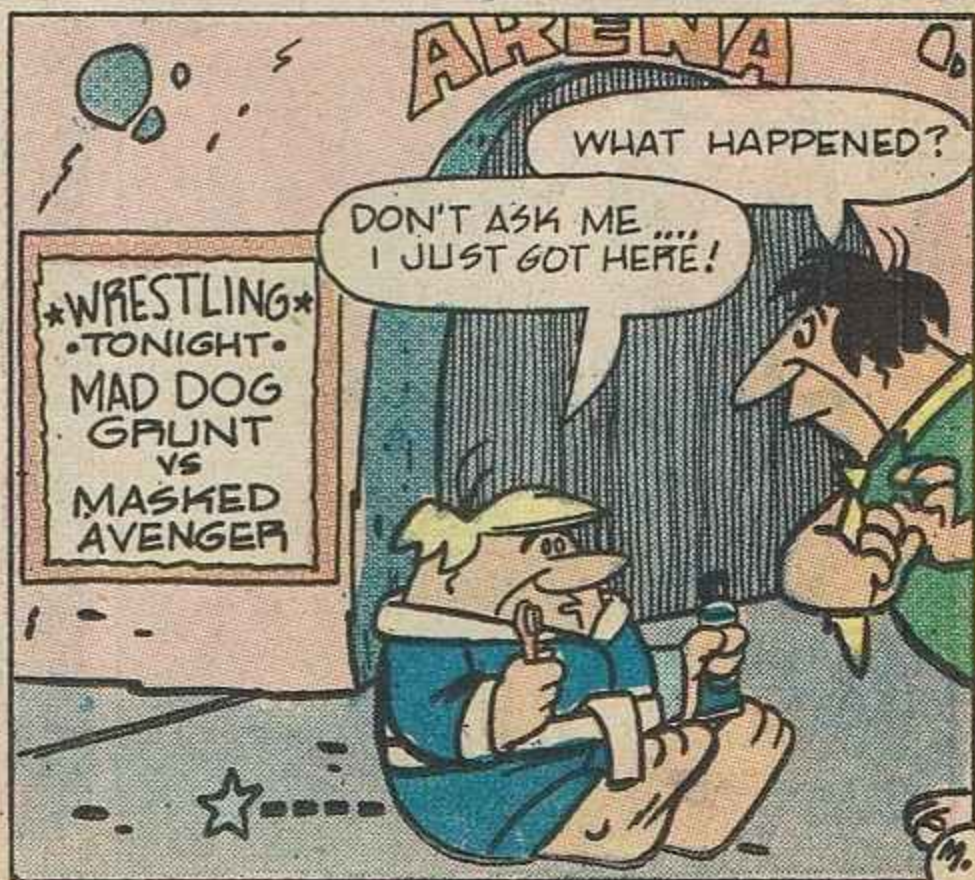
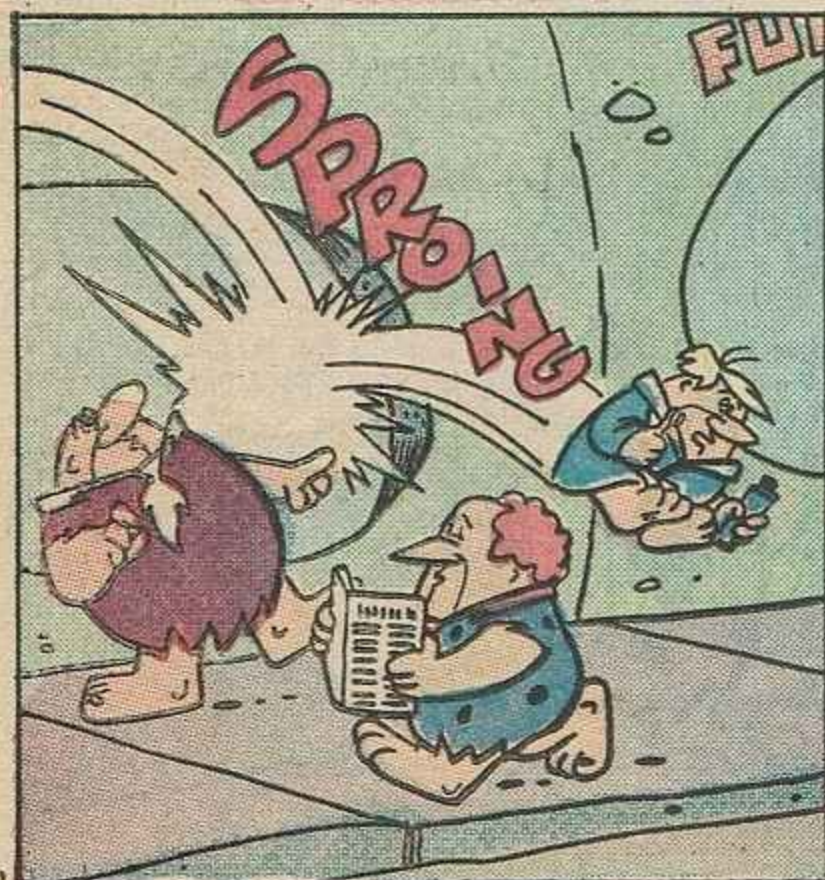
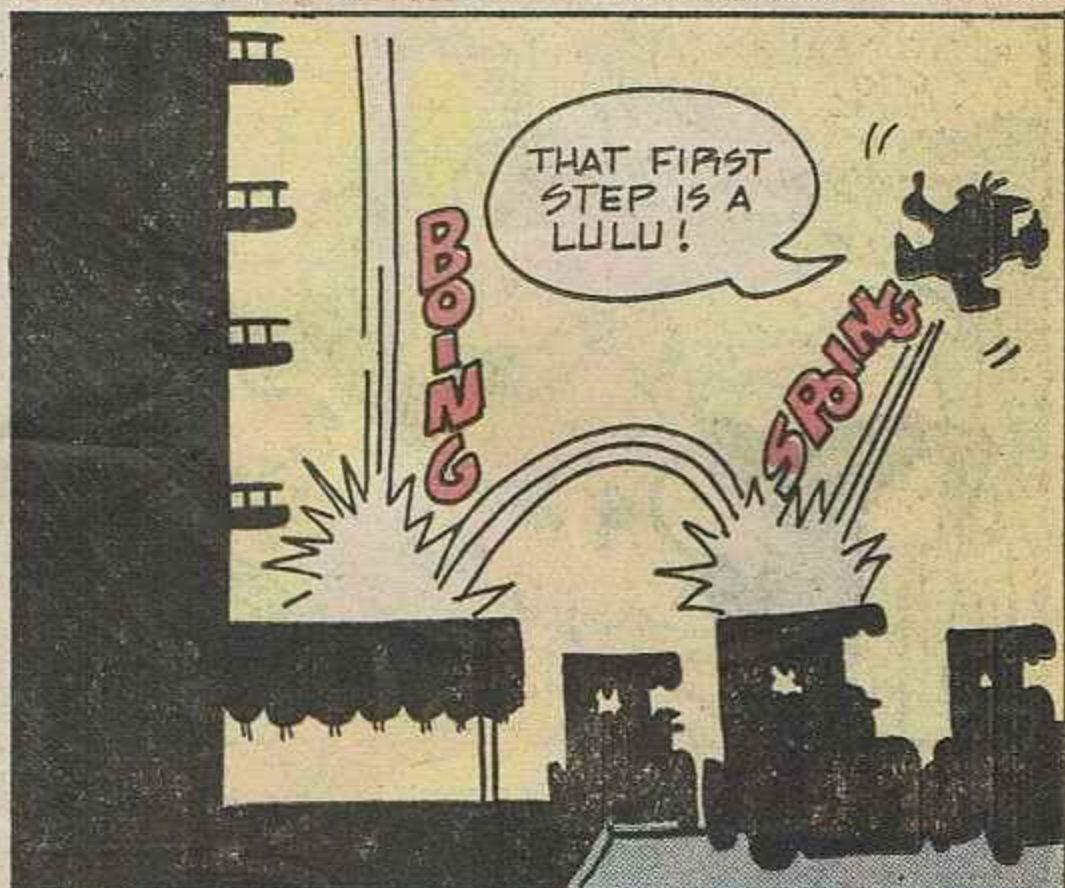
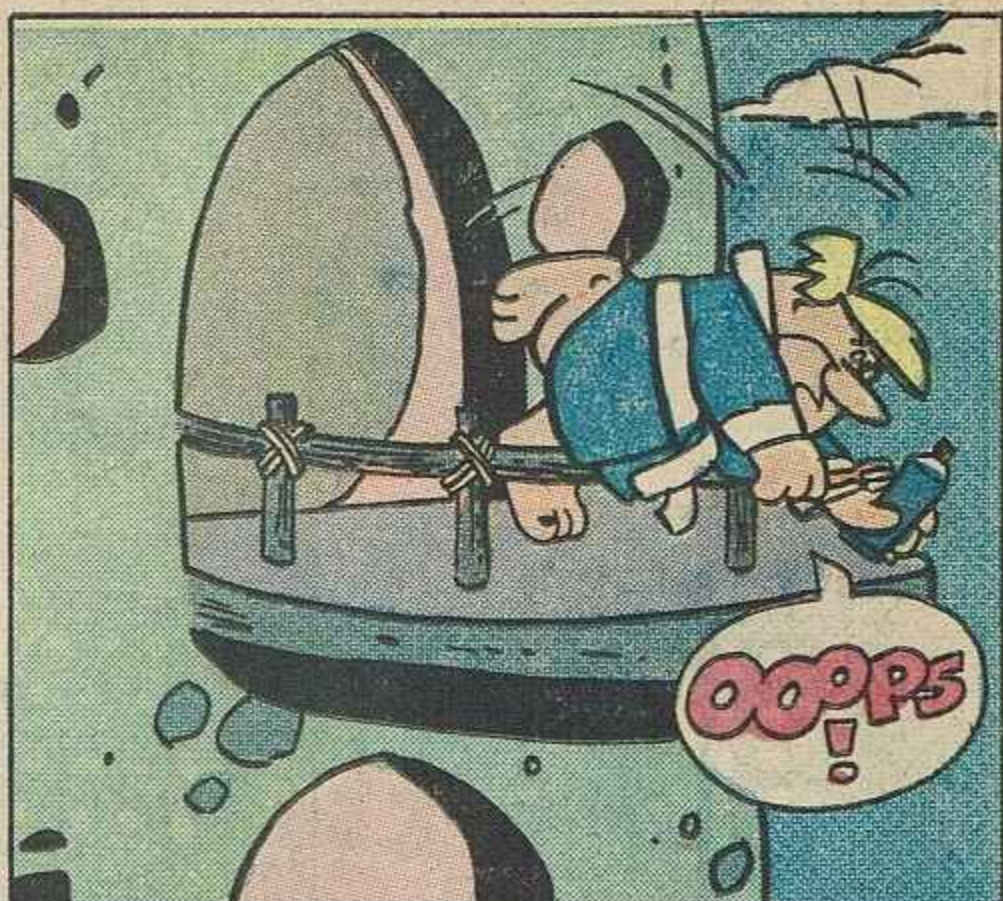


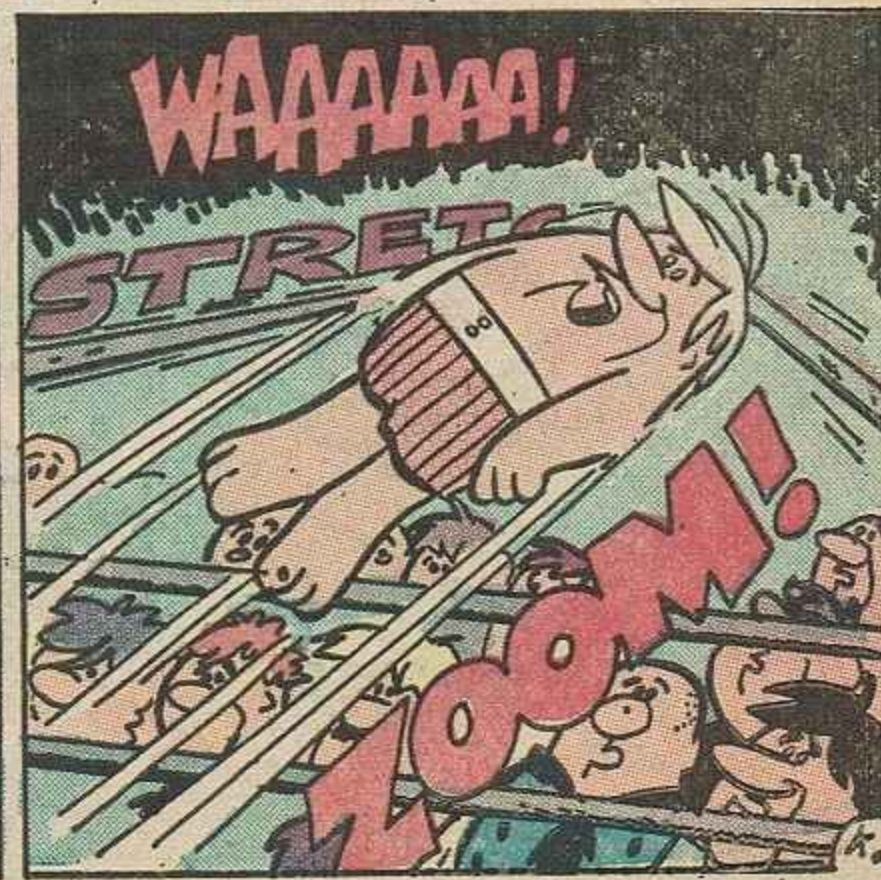
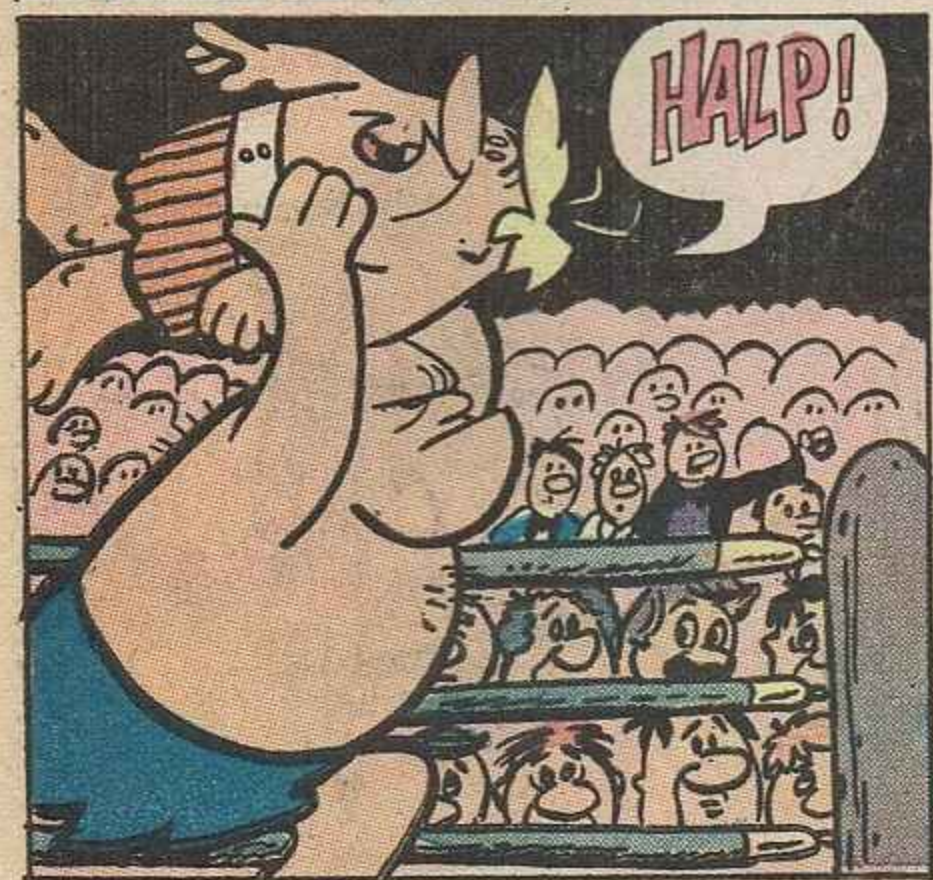
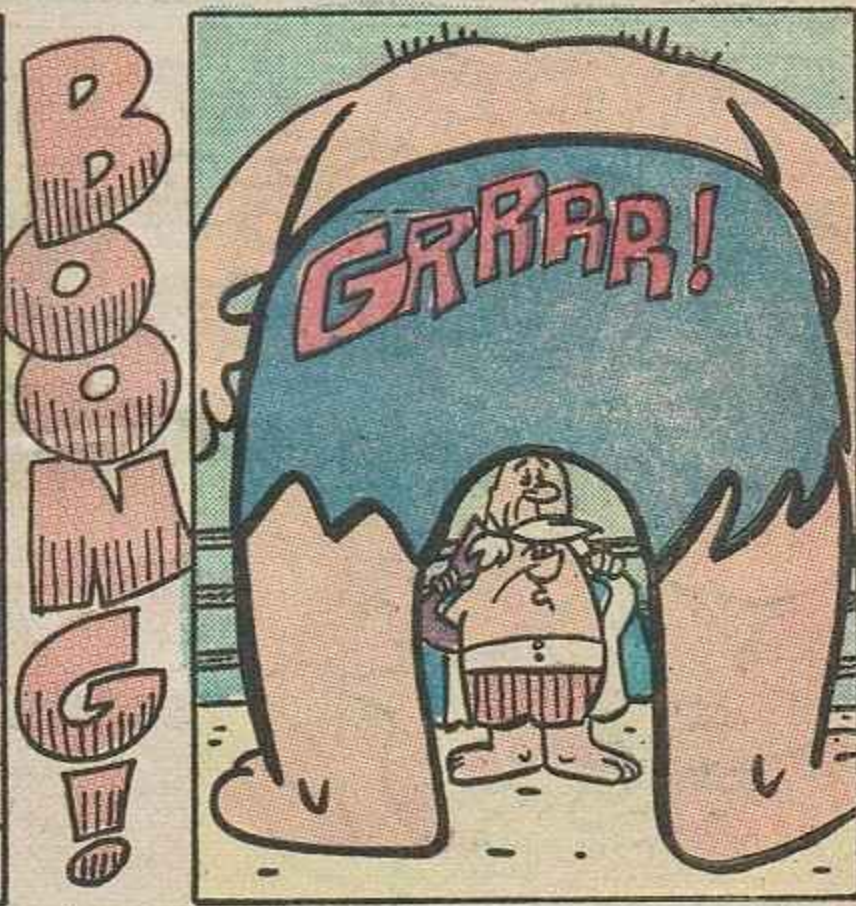
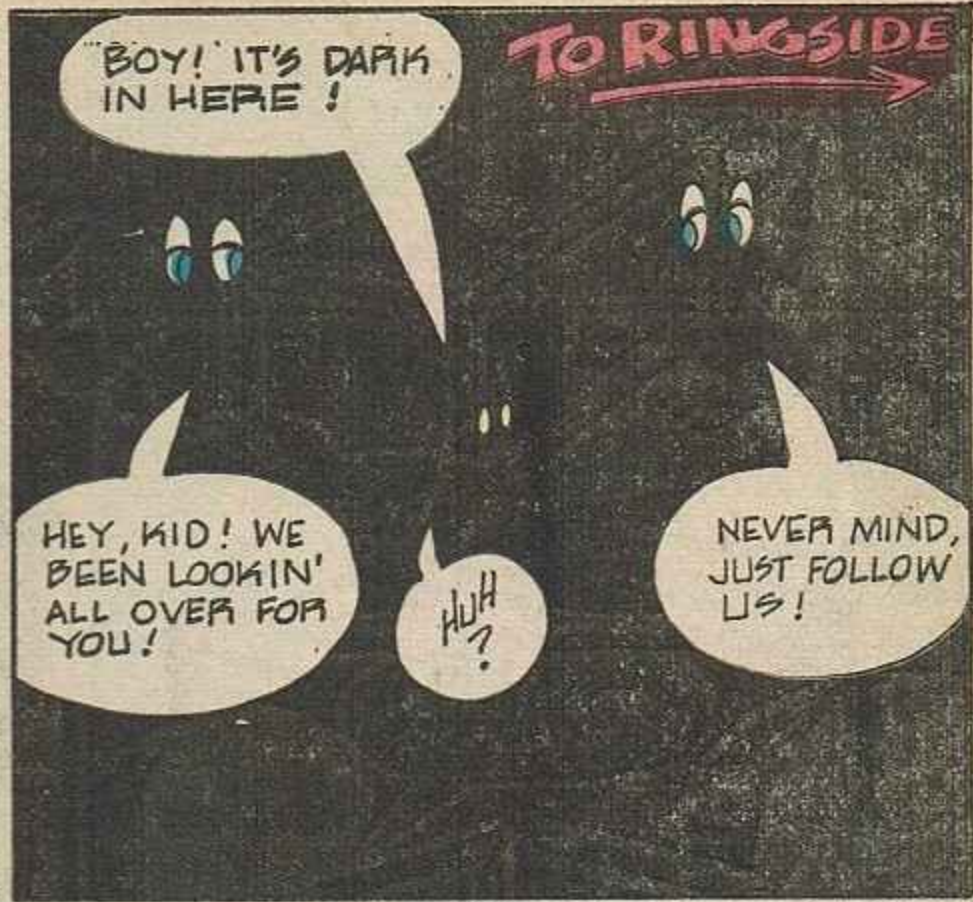
HEY, BARN', I'LL BE DOWN-
STAIRS WITH THE REST
OF THE GUYS... DON'T
BE TOO LONG!

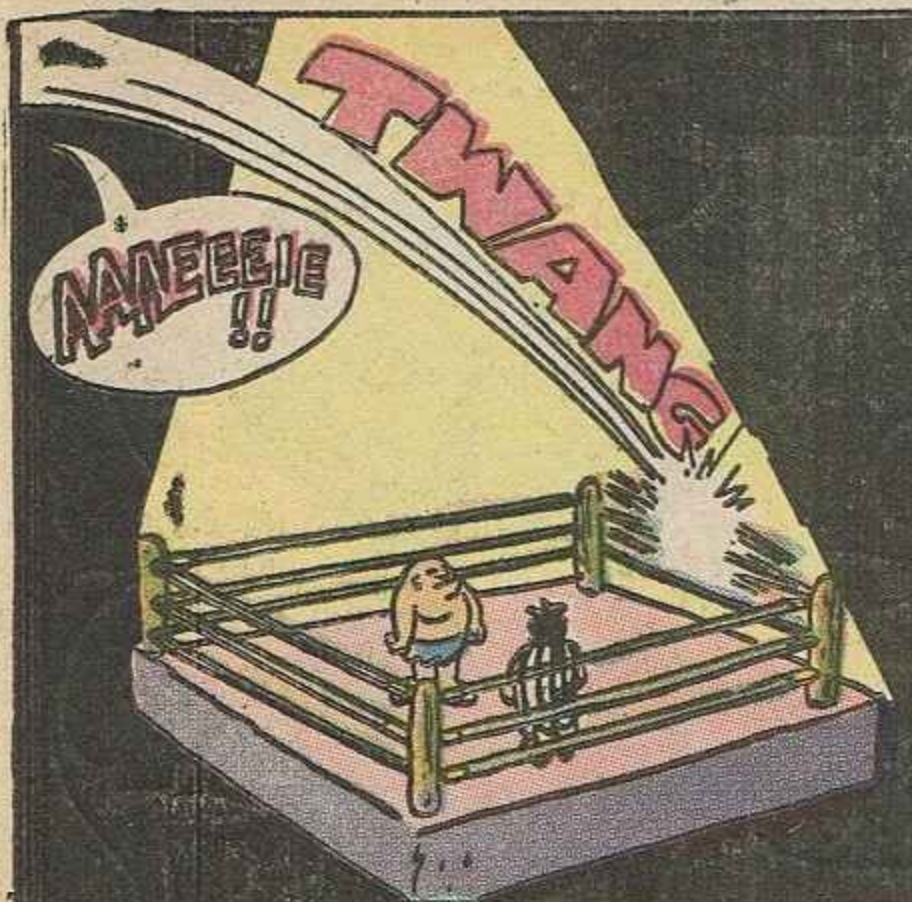
I'LL BE DOWN
IN A MINUTE,
FRED.

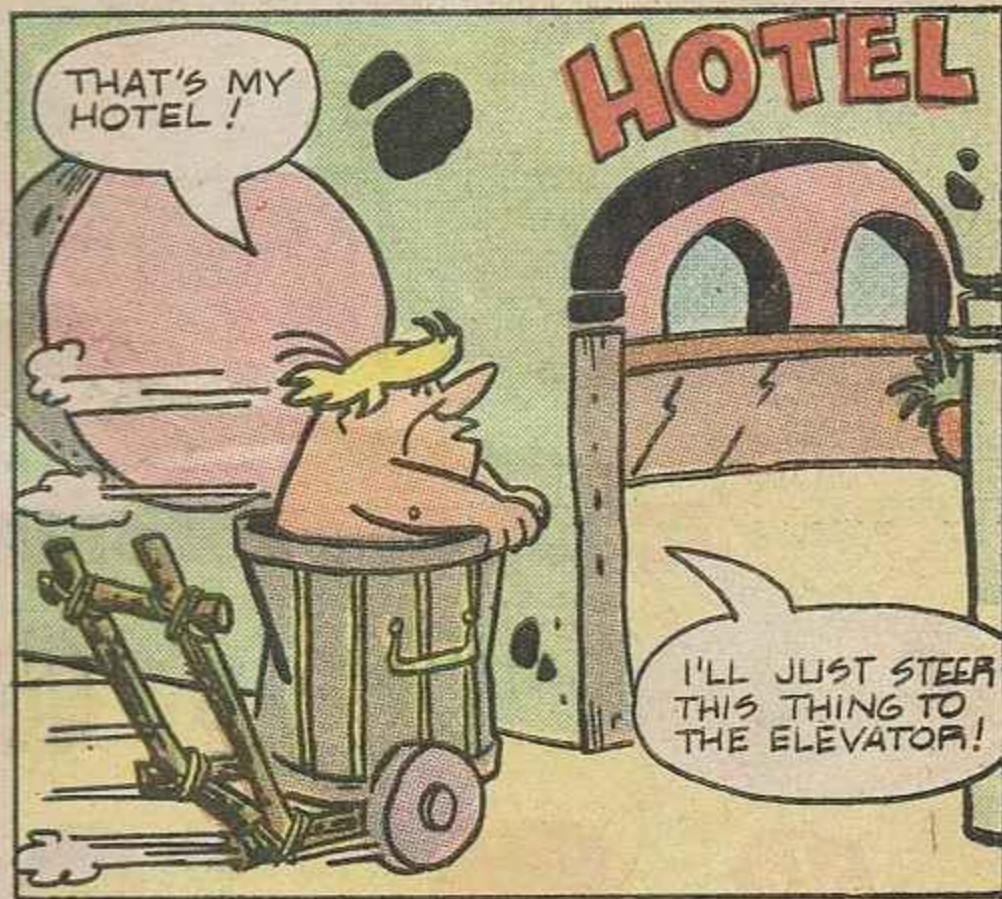
LATER....

I BETTER CLEAN-UP
AND GO JOIN FRED AND
THE OTHERS.... THIS
DOOR MUST LEAD TO
THE BATHROOM



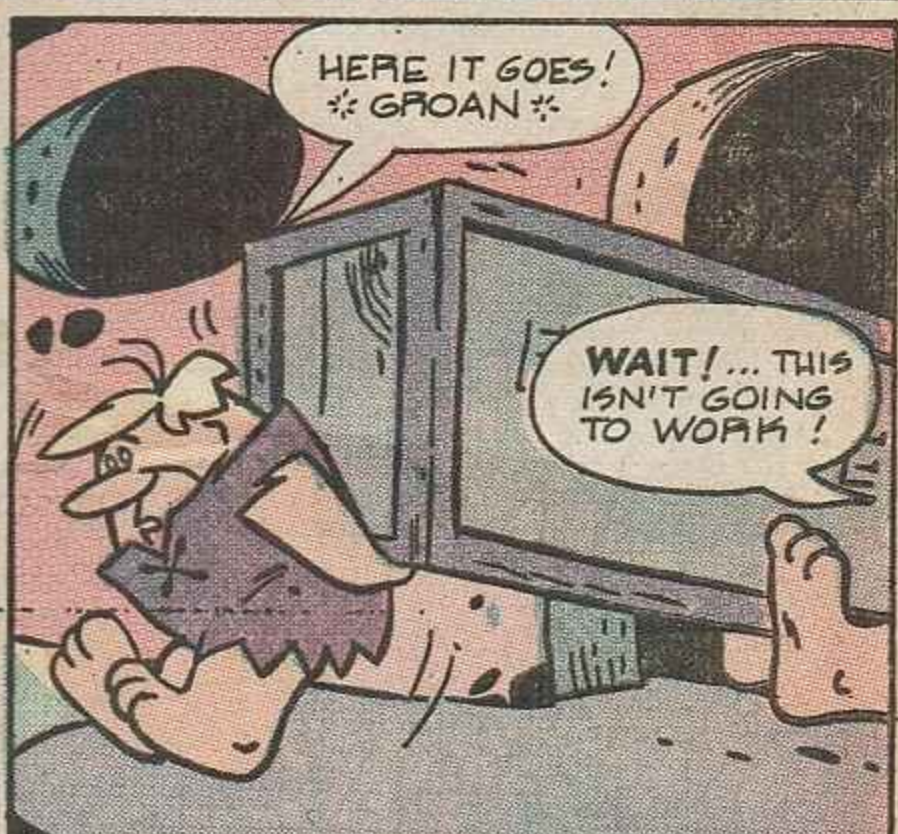






PEBBY & BETTY RUBBLE

IN EXPERT MOVERS



BARNEY & BETTY RUBBLE

IN QUICK DIP!

